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MAINE FARMER.



Our Home, our Country, and our Brother Man.

SPRING TOOTH HORSE RAKE.

Seventeen years ago we met with a Revolving Horse Rake which was left by some one, interested in the patent, with Mr. William Marshall, of Bowman's Point, Hallowell, who then owned and carried on an extensive farm at that place. It was the first one ever introduced into this State. We had one made, and carried it on to a farm which we then cultivated in Starks, Somerset county, and although we met with some good natured ridicule for attempting to do raking by horse power, we have had the satisfaction of seeing it come into general use. It is an admirable instrument on smooth lands, and at that time we never expected to find any thing of the rake kind that would equal it.

Last week, for the first time, we tried Dewey's Patent Spring Tooth Horse Rake, manufactured by Duncan and Paddock, Lyman, N. H. We were determined to put it to a severe test, and we did so. We had a piece of rough land that had never been ploughed, and where the stumps were still standing, and the "cradle knolls," as they are called, all over the surface. The grass was mowed in the morning, averaging from half to three quarters of a ton per acre. In the afternoon the Spring Tooth Rake was applied, and the ease and despatch with which all the hay was raked up, astonished not only those who did not believe it would work, but those who thought favorably of it before trial. It scraped it all up clean, excepting now and then a lock of the hay that would be caught by some snag of a stump as the driver had to "haw" or "gee" to avoid going over them. We counted the stumps on one of the acres which we raked over, and found eighty-two of them, averaging a stump to every two square rods. It was amusing to see the iron fingers of the machine accommodating themselves to the inequalities of the surface, apparently as accurately and as faithfully as the fingers of the human hand.

On level land it will rake as clean as the other kind. We do not think it is held quite as easily as the revolvers, nor is it discharged quite so easily, but then it can be used in situations where the revolvers could be hardly moved. Next week we shall try it on a bog-meadow, and see how it will rake among the tussacs and brake roots, and will report the results.

HOW IS THE BEST WAY TO RAISE DUCKS?

Can any of our readers, who have had experience, give us the most successful method of raising ducks?

We had about forty hatched out this spring, all in good health and apparently well and in good condition. We did not let them go at random, but confined the mothers in a situation where they could be kept dry and warm, with water enough to drink and dip their heads into.

They were fed with dough, made of Indian meal, wheat soaked, and had the benefit of what flies, bugs and worms they could find in the yard. They would grow very well until they were of considerable size, and the feathers began to show themselves, then they would begin to droop, become weak, lose the use of their limbs, become unable to swallow; sometimes they would exhibit a sort of action like "blind staggers," whirl round and tumble over upon their backs and kick their last kick, but the most of them drooped and died quietly. We have changed their diet, boiled their food, and gave them puddings of Indian meal, salt a little, but this does not change the result. On opening them after death, nothing is found in their crops nor in the gizzard, except a little gravel, and the gall bladder rather full. Now what is the matter with them? and what will prevent this mortality? Some years ago we attempted to raise geese, and we lost the young in the same way. We were told that it was because we kept them confined. We then let two litters run at large, wherever they pleased, and they died off as rapidly as the former, and we thought a little more so.

If any one can give us the true successful system of duck and geese raising, we shall feel under great obligations to them.

PRESERVING CHERRIES, AND WE GUESS PLUMS TOO. The July number of the American Agriculturist, gives what is to us, a new mode of preserving cherries. It is rather late in the day to give it to our readers with a view of their preserving cherries this year, but we guess that the same process will answer for plums.

The directions are as follows:—Procure the cherries ripe and fresh from the trees, and without any preparation, put them into a bottle or wide mouthed jar, filling it about three-fourths full. Then pour in common molasses, fresh and cool from the cask, until the vessel is nearly filled. Cork or seal it up air-tight, and set it aside in some cool, dry place, occasionally shaking the vessel, in order that its contents may be well mixed. A portion of the molasses will be absorbed by the cherries, which will render them sufficiently agreeable, when made into puddings or pies, without the addition of any sugar or syrup. The liquid which remains in the jar after the cherries are taken out, has an agreeable flavor, and when mixed with water, forms a wholesome and refreshing drink.

ALL HAIL ARROSTOOK! We publish, with great pleasure, the list of premiums offered by the Arroostook County Agricultural Society. The good people of that County have recently organized an Agricultural Society, and made out an excellent list of premiums, as you will see. We

MAINE FARMER.

A Family Paper; Devoted to Agriculture, Mechanic Arts, General Intelligence, &c.

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have no doubt they will have an excellent Show, for there are many spirited, whole-souled farmers in that section of the State. It ought to put some of the older Counties to the blush, when they see the youngest sister of the family going beyond them in the cause of agricultural improvement.

[Written for the Maine Farmer.]

BOTANY.—No. 2.

STUDIES ABOUT THE DOOR YARD.

"*Ranunculus acris*, *Trifolium pratense* and *Trifolium repens*, *Butter-cups*, red and white *Clover*," soliloquize Edward and George, who are now becoming real masters of Latin phraseology.

"O, we will love these names, we will remember them, and we will learn more. How much more proper, and how appropriate these Latin and other significations must be, to a mind well versed in the matters of the vegetable kingdom. Why, I can almost generalize their real meaning, and besides, they grow so simple as my mind runs them over," lectures Edward in a most enthusiastic and beautiful strain, with his countenance passioned into a determination to learn more and more of these—

"Herbs, fruits and flowers

O'er all the deep-green earth, that task the power

Of botanist to number up their tribes!"

Both have now become victims to an endearing pursuit. A plenty of paper and press boards are brought into requisition, and their little hands are skilled to the task of collecting and drying.

George says he "will collect as many as twenty by night," and Edward declares his intention not to be beaten.

"Is there more than one species of *Ranunculus* common to our country?" asked George.

"Yes, more than forty species grow in North America, and about fifteen are found in our State. The flowers have a great resemblance to each other, while they differ very materially in other parts, as the stem, leaves, habits, &c. Most of the species frequent frog-ponds, and hence, you will recollect the name from the Latin, *rana*, a frog. When you get out of the Door Yard, you will study many others that will afford you much information respecting this family. I would, however, remark here, that it is not uncommon to meet with a second species as a humble tenant of our gardens and fields, and this is the *Ranunculus bulbosus*. This is smaller than the *acris*, and so much resembles it as scarcely to be distinguished by the casual observer. The stem of this species is hollow, thickened at the base into a sort of a bulb, and hence the name, *Bulbous Butter-cups*. Both species often become a great annoyance to farmers, so extensively do they clothe the fields with their golden flowers. They are very acrid and poisonous, and would be exceedingly pernicious to cattle did they eat the plant when green, but on drying, this acrimony is lost—Beggars often poison some parts of their body with them, which produces vesicles or small pustular eruptions, and sometimes intractable sores, in order to gain sympathy among those whom they visit for alms."

"I am very well aware of the fact that the *Butter-cups* will poison and make sores," replied Edward, for I once got poisoned myself playing among them. Grandfather used to steep the roots and stalks in hot water and soak his seed-corn in it, to protect it from being pulled up by the crows."

At this interesting remark of Edward's, our economical conversation is closed. George, in the meantime, has collected a large bunch of flowers, and we will go into the shade and study them out.

"I know them all; that is *Yarrow*, that is *Chick-weed*, that is *Plantain*, that is *Burdock*, that is *Yellow-dock* and," vociferated Edward.

"Yes, this is all right; but you don't want to write them down so on your tickets for your herbarium, and as you have now named them according to your understanding, it will not, of course, be uninteresting to treat of them in a scientific and economical way. The first, and that which you now hold in your hand, is the common *Yarrow*," answered George, "but what is its technical name?"

"*Achillea millefolium*; *Achillea* is named after *Achilles*, a disciple of Chiron, said to be the first physician who used it in healing wounds; and *millefolium*, from a peculiarity in its leaves, being cut and parted, as you see, into numerous divisions and sub-divisions, and hence it is often called *Milfoil*. This plant abounds in our pastures and fields. Three or four species are found in this country. Of about sixty species, nearly all belong to Europe and the Levant. This, however, is the only one we have in our State. It is naturalized, and like many others of the European shores, now pests to our soil, is a mere yard weed. The flowers yield an essential oil, and have an agreeable and pungent taste."

"The next is *Chick-weed*," says Edward,

"has it any other trivial name?"

"Yes, we often hear it called *Stichwort*. It is the *Stellaria media*. Just observe the star-like flowers. From the Lat. *stella*, a star. This you know is very common in almost every situation, flowering all summer. Sometimes we have another species about the door yard, although it grows more commonly in the fields. This is a *grass leaved Stichwort*, *Stellaria longifolia*. But you must be careful and not confound this with another plant which has flowers exactly like it, and that of the *S. media*. This is the *Cerastium*, from a Greek word, signifying a horn, from the horned appearance of the capsules of many of the species. Perhaps it will be best to recapitulate those close affinities in a sort of a descriptive catalogue."

1. *Stellaria media*, *Chick-weed*, *Stichwort*. Stems weak, procumbent, spreading, having an alternate, lateral, hairy leaf; leaves ovate or lanceolate, smooth; flower stalks, in the axils of the leaves and terminal, one flowered; petals five, and deeply cleft or bifid so as to appear like ten little flower leaves; stamens sometimes three, five or ten. This little plant contains an elastic

filament, which may be observed when the stems are broken. Birds and poultry eat the seeds, and the plant may be used as greens for small birds.

2. *Stellaria longifolia*, *Grass-leaved Stichwort*. Differs from the preceding by its long linear leaves, one to three inches in length. The stems are of considerable length, very slender and brittle, supported on other plants—found in tangled patches in the fields—sometimes called *stargrass*.

1. *Cerastium vulgatum*, *Mouse-ear Chick-weed*. Formerly *Stellaria vulgatum*, separated in consequence of a uniformity in the number of the styles, (five) too slight, however, for the establishment of a genus. Plant hairy, pale green, growing in small tufts in walls and about hard places in the gardens, flowering all summer. Leaves ovate, nearly an inch in length, blunt pointed, very hairy. The whole plant is sometimes dark green, weak and lying down.

2. *Cerastium viscosum*, *Sticky Chick-weed*. Similar, but viscid and sticky. The whole plant dark green, hairy and spreading. These are all from Britain. Other varieties often occur, but you will find no difficulty in remembering these."

"No," they reply, "but we shall want to study out these varieties, and perhaps we may find some new species."

"You can do this when more at leisure, as it is now near night, I will assist you to the names of three more plants before we separate."

"O, yes, here's the *plantain*, see how common it is; it seems to be around every door yard as though it were a useful attendant of man," answered Edward.

"This is the *Plantago major*, and does, as you say, seem to follow man. The Indians call it the *white man's foot*. Observe the tall spikes of flowers. These are, indeed, of little beauty, but as a mere plant we should not lose sight of it in our herbariums. The leaves, you know, are often used as an application to sores."

"Is the *Plantago major* a native of Europe?" asked George.

"Yes, and so is the *Burdock*, *Lappa major*, the shoots of which are there eaten as Asparagus. In this plant you may readily see a remarkable instance of design in the dissemination of its seeds, the scales of the flowers all ending in a minute hook, which seizes hold of anything that passes by, and thus cattle and man are made the agents by which this plant is so widely and extensively grown."

"The *curled or Yellow-dock* about every rubbish place, with its heavy, thick and greenish spikes of flowers, is also a native of the old Country. This is the *Rumex crispus*. Here you see the *Sheep sorrel*, another species, *Rumex acetosella*, the leaves of which are so very sour, and from which oxalic acid is (a large ingredient) often extracted. This is also a native of Britain."

CATTLE SHOW AND FAIR

Of the Arroostook County Agricultural Society, to be held at Houlton, on Wednesday and Thursday, the 14th and 15th of Oct., 1846.

The Trustees offer the following Premiums, subject to the rules and regulations of the Society:

On Stock.	
For the best yoke Working Oxen,	5 00
" second best,	4 00
" third do.	3 00
" best team Working Oxen, not less than ten yokes,	8 00
" second do.	7 00
" third do.	6 00
" best pair three years old Steers,	3 00
" second do.	2 50
" third do.	2 00
" best pair two years old Steers,	2 50
" second do.	2 00
" best pair yearling Steers,	2 00
" second do.	1 50
" best pair Steer Calves,	2 00
" second do.	1 00
" best Bull, not less than two years old,	4 00
" second do.	3 00
" third do.	2 00
" best yearling Bull,	4 00
" second do.	3 00
" best Bull Calf,	3 00
" second do.	2 00
" third do.	1 50
" best Milch Cow,	5 00
" second do.	4 00
" third do.	3 00
" fourth do.	2 00
" best two years old Heifer,	3 00
" second do.	2 00
" best Heifer Calf,	2 00
" second do.	1 50
" best flock Ewes, not less than ten,	5 00
" second do.	4 00
" third do.	3 00
" best Stud Horse,	5 00
" second do.	4 00
" best breeding Mare and colt,	5 00
" second do.	4 00
" third do.	3 00
" best three years old Colt,	2 00
" second do.	1 00
" best two years old colt,	2 00
" second do.	1 00
" best one year old colt,	1 00
" second do.	1 00
" best Buck,	2 00
" second do.	1 00
" best Boar of any breed,	3 00
" second do.	2 00
" third do.	1 00
" best Breeding Sow,	3 00
" second do.	2 00
" best litter of Pigs, not less than six,	3 00
" second do.	2 00
" third do.	1 00

Ploughing Match.

To the person who shall plough 1-8 acre of sward land in the best manner, taking into account the expense, the length of time, and condition of the team when the work is completed, 6 00

For the second best, 5 00

" third do. 4 50
" fourth do. 4 00
" fifth do. 3 50

Crops.

For the best crop of Summer Wheat, not less than one acre,	4 00
" second do.	3 00
" best crop of Rye, one acre,	3 00
" do. Oats and Peas, 1 acre, 1-2 Peas, 4 00	
" second do.	3 00
" best crop Oats, one acre,	4 00
" second do.	3 00
" best crop Ruta Baga, 1-2 acre,	4 00
" best crop Potatoes, 1 acre,	5 00
" second do.	4 00
" best do. on 1-2 acre,	4 00
" second do.	3 00
" best crop Carrots, 1-4 acre,	4 00
" best crop Flax, 1-4 acre,	2 00
" greatest quantity of Garden Seeds, not less 10 lbs., well cleaned,	3 00
" best specimen Fall Apples, not less than 1 bushel, fit for use at time of exhibition, and to be examined in committee of whole at dinner table, 1 00	

To call the attention of all to the importance of this branch of husbandry, and to increase the number and quality of fruit trees—

For the best nursery of apple trees, or of apple and pear trees already sown or to be sown the ensuing fall, a statement of the location and character of the soil, the process of preparing the ground, the kind of seeds, whether from select or promiscuous fruit, to be given in writing, 5 00

Second best do. 3 00

To the person who shall the present season most improve his fruit trees by engraving, the number and quality of the scions set, and the mode of setting to be stated, Diploma and 2 00

To the person who shall raise the greatest quantity and best quality of winter apples, a written statement of the quantity, and a specimen of the several varieties to be presented to the adjudging committee, 1 50

For a written statement of the best conducted experiment in seedling land to grass in the fall, or for the best essay on this subject, 5 00

Manufactures.

For the best Grain Cradle,	1 00
" best Straw Cutter,	2 00
" best Drill Machine,	2 00
" best Sythe Snaths, 1-2 doz.	1 50
" best Hay Forks, 1-2 doz.	1 00
" best Manure Forks, 1-2 doz.	1 00
" best Narrow Axes, 1-2 doz.	1 00
" best Hoes, 1-2 doz.	1 00
" best Calf-Skin Boots, Men's Sewed,	1 00
" best do. Pegged,	75
" best Thick do. Sewed,	50
" best do. Pegged,	50
" best Walking Shoes, Women's,	50
" best Kid Slippers,	50
" best Over Shoes,	1 00
" best Cheese, not less than 50 lbs.,	4 00
" second do.	3 00
" third do.	2 00
" best Butter, 40 lbs.,	4 00
" second do.	3 00
" third do.	2 00

A written statement of the mode of manufacturing Butter and Cheese will be required.

For the best Palm Leaf Hats, 1-2 doz.	1 00
" best cloth Caps, 1-2 doz. boys',	1 00
" best Sleigh or Wagon Harness,	2 00
" best specimen of Filled Cloth, not less than 10 yards,	1 00
" best specimen of Woolen Flannel, 10 yards,	1 00
" best Bed Spread,	1 00
" second do.	1 00
" best Table Linen,	1 00
" second do.	75
" best Woolen Carpeting, not less than 20 yards,	2 00
" second do.	1 50
" best Hearth Rug,	1 00
" second do.	1 00
" third do.	75
" best Worsted Yarn, three threaded,	75
" best Linen Thread,	50
" best Work Pocket,	50
" best Wrought Wristlets,	50
" best Highland Shawl,	50
" second do.	50
" best Lace Veil,	75
" best Straw bonnet, Diploma and second do.	50
" best Fur Cape, Diploma and second do.	50
" best substitute for Fur Cape,	50
" best Oil Cloth Carpeting,	1 00
" greatest quantity of Maple Sugar, with a written statement of the process of manufacturing,	2 00
" best Window Sash, not less than 12 Lights,	1 00
" best four or six panel Door,	2 00
" best specimen of Cabinet work, not less than three pieces,	3 00
" best Hay Rakes, 1-2 doz.,	1 00
" best Sole-leather, not less than 3 sides,	2 00
" second do.	1 00
" best Upper-leather,	2 00
" second do.	1 00
" best single Horse Farm Wagon,	3 00
" best Cotton and Wool Cloth, 10 yards,	1 00

General Regulations.

1. All entries for premiums on animals, and articles adjudged upon at the show, must be made with the Secretary, JOSEPH CARR, JR., before the first day of the Exhibition.

2. Entries for premiums on Crops, and such experiments and essays, as come before adjudging Committees at a later period, may be made at any time before the fifteenth of December.

3. Written statements, required by law, upon Stock and Crops, and also the statements on the mode of making Butter and Cheese, must be delivered to the adjudging Committees before they commence their examination, and by them left with the Secretary of the Society after the ex-

amination is ended, to be forwarded to the Secretary of State as required by law.

4. To be entitled to a premium, the animal must be owned, the crop raised, and the article manufactured within the limits of the County.

5. No premiums will be awarded when the adjudging committees do not deem the object worthy, whether there be competition or not, nor to any object to which a first premium has been heretofore given in this County, under the same entry.

6. Persons appointed adjudging Committees are earnestly requested to make arrangements to attend to the duties assigned them, and if circumstances will not permit, to inform the Sec'y before the first day of the Show or the Trustees early on the morning of that day, that others may be appointed in their stead.

7. The Incidental Committee will examine and report upon all animals, crops, and articles offered for exhibition, which are deemed interesting and useful; but are not embraced in the preceding list, or do not come strictly within the prescribed rules to govern adjudging committees.

THOMAS NICKERSON,
J. W. HAINES,
LEVI BEARY,
LYMAN HOBBS,
J. W. TABOR,
Trustees.

From the Albany Cultivator.

PRINCIPLES OF BREEDING.

We have been several times requested to say something in regard to what is called "in and in" breeding. We are by no means confident, however, that any remarks of ours can throw light on the subject; though often discussed, it is still involved in intricacy. In endeavoring to understand it, the first point to be settled is the precise meaning of the term "in and in" breeding. It seems to be understood variously—as some suppose it to apply to animals of any degree of relationship—others apply it to breeding from the same family, without particularly defining the affinity of blood which animals bred together should possess to justify the term. Thus they regard the produce of father and daughter, or mother and son, as animals bred in-and-in; using the same term in this case as they would do in reference to the produce of brother and sister. But a strict definition is evidently necessary, otherwise the use of the term is wholly random, and its significance so uncertain that it conveys only a vague idea.

What, then, is in-and-in breeding? Sir John Sebright, in a letter on the "Art of Improving the Breeds of Domestic Animals," published some years since by the British Board of Agriculture, considers the term to signify breeding from animals of precisely the same blood. This is an intelligible, and we believe correct definition. It has also been assented to, and its adoption advocated with force, by John Hare Powell, Esq., a citizen of our own country, who has in times past been eminently distinguished as a breeder of stock.

Upon the basis of this definition it follows that no course of breeding can be strictly in-and-in except that which results from coupling animals of exactly the same blood, and this, probably, can rarely happen but by a union of brother and sister, or of animals which were originally derived from such an union. Where the original male and female were of different families, it is obvious that the offspring does not possess the same blood of either of the parents, but has just half the blood of each. The produce of this offspring and either of the parents, would be three-fourths of one of the first pair, and one-fourth of the other. The next generation, bred in the same way, would be seven eighths of the parent, the next fifteen-sixteenths, and so on; the blood of one of the original ancestors increasing and the other diminishing in this ratio with each generation. This and similar courses of breeding have been aptly denominated "breeding in;" and the term "close breeding" is also more or less applicable, according to the nearness of relationship existing between animals coupled together, or according to the extent to which breeding in is carried.

Having settled what is to be understood by the term "in-and-in," we will proceed to consider the expediency of that course of breeding. And it may be observed in the first place, that although many distinguished breeders have advocated and followed, more or less, breeding in, or close breeding, very few, if any, have recommended in-and-in breeding, as here defined. The effects of the course when carried on for several generations, cannot perhaps be better described than in the language of Sebright, in the essay above referred to. "I have," says he, "tried many experiments by breeding in-and-in, upon dogs, fowls, and pigeons; the dogs became from strong spaniels, weak and diminutive lap-dogs; the fowls became long in the legs, small in the body, and bad feeders." "Indeed I have no doubt but that by this practice being continued, animals would, in course of time, degenerate to such a degree as to become incapable of breeding at all."

It is a maxim in physics that an effect is not produced without a cause. Hence it is natural to ask a reason for the ill effects alleged to be produced by in-and-in breeding. We will endeavor to give one, which, though not entirely original, is in some respects different from any we have seen offered.

It is admitted that different families of animals have certain hereditary tendencies. The proneness to particular diseases in families of the human race, is evidence of this. Now it is plain that where two animals of the same blood and the same hereditary tendencies, are coupled together, there would be a greater liability in the progeny to exhibit any defect or disease which belonged to the family, than there would be if only one of the parents had this constitutional tendency. Hence we see the defects of parents augmented in the progeny.

It is proper to remark that breeding in when carried to a certain extent, may be expected to produce results similar to those of breeding in-and-in—that is, the consequence of the former will resemble those of the latter system, in proportion as the blood of the animals bred together becomes similar.

This we believe to be the true cause of the degeneracy which ensues from in-and-in breeding. But let us not be misunderstood. It is not merely the nearness of relationship which produces these consequences; for we can readily believe that they might follow where the parents were not at all connected by consanguinity. The animals might belong to families wholly distinct, and yet their hereditary tendencies be similar. For example: let there be chosen a bull and cow wholly unrelated, or even of different breeds, each of which has disease of the liver to the same degree, and each also an equal hereditary tendency to that disease; the progeny generated by two such animals would no doubt have the same predisposition to the defect or disease of the parent as if both the latter had been of the same family. Thus the degeneracy of offspring is not owing to the relationship, simply, but to the natural defects of the parents or ancestors. The skillful breeder will therefore select his animals for propagation with a view of avoiding defects and increasing excellencies in the progeny.

But it may be said that excellencies as well as defects are transmissible hereditarily, and as animals of near relationship are sometimes found which possess certain valuable qualities in a greater degree than they are to be found elsewhere, the question is suggested—Why not permit those animals to breed together? This we should be in favor of to a certain extent; but the animals should be selected with judgment, and with particular care that they have not a predisposition to important defects. It will not do to rely on the idea that their good points will overpower their bad ones; for as their superior points or qualities are probably the result of art or accident, (not being natural or common to the race,) their defects will be more likely to be increased in the progeny than their excellencies.

The remark in relation to animals which exhibit peculiarities not common to the race, we will endeavor to illustrate. For instance, in a species of squirrels the general color of which is grey, we now and then find those which are perfectly white. Similar deviations from the general color of the species are met with also in mice, and other animals. The same thing is found in birds. We have heard of crows which were nearly white, and we have seen (to use a paradox) a white black-bird. Changes of form and habits are likewise met with which are equally striking. Animals which exhibit such deviations from the general characteristics of the race to which they belong, may be deemed monstrosities; but if it is wished to perpetuate their singular qualities, it is obviously

LABORERS' NOON-DAY HYMN.

BY WORDSWORTH.

Up to the throne of God he borne
The voice of praise at early morn,
And he accepts the punctual hymn
Sung as the light of day grows dim.
Nor will he turn his ear aside
From holy offerings at noon-tide;
Then, here reposing, let us raise
A song of gratitude and praise.
What though our burden be not light,
We need not toil from morn to night;
The respite of the mid-day hour
Is in the thankful laborer's power.
Blest are the moments, doubly blest,
That, drawn from this one hour of rest,
Are with a ready heart bestowed
Upon the service of our God.
Why should we crave a hallowed spot?
An altar in each man's cot,
A church in every grove that spreads
Its living roof above our heads.
Look up to heaven!—the industrious sun
Already half his race hath run;
He can not halt or go astray—
Nor our immortal spirits may.
Lord, since his rising in the east,
If we have faltered or transgressed,
Guide, from thy love's abundant source,
What yet remains of this day's course.
Help with thy grace, through life's short day,
Onward and on our downward way;
And glorify for us the west,
When we shall sink to final rest.

JOHN RANDOLPH'S NEGROES. A correspondent of the Cincinnati Gazette, writing from Sidney, Ohio, says that the Randolph negroes had been induced to abandon the land purchased for them in Mercer county, and were retracing their steps towards Virginia, when they were induced to stop at Sidney, where they met with many friends, and some inducement to purchase land in the county, and settle, with full assurance that they should be permitted to remain unmolested. They have yielded to the request, and bought several hundred acres of land, about eight miles from Sidney. There are three hundred and eighty-seven of them, a large portion of whom are small, among them children of all ages and all complexions. They are represented to be a body of honest, industrious, well-disposed people; great pains having been taken by their old master, Randolph, to teach them the principles of agriculture. They are, however, profoundly ignorant, no efforts having been made to enlighten their minds, further than their duty to their master and themselves. They at first thought of settling in Ohio as one community, but this idea is abandoned, and if permitted to remain, they will do so in families, each looking to his own interest. They had about thirty thousand dollars left them, some nine or ten thousand of which is already absorbed.

STEAM TO THE COLUMBIA RIVER. A proposition has been addressed to the Chairman of the Senate Committee on the Post-office and Post-roads, for carrying the United States mail by steam, from Charleston, South Carolina, to Columbia River, Oregon Territory, via Chicago and Panama. The proposer, J. M. Woodward Esq., is ready to enter into a contract with sufficient security, to perform this service in thirty-five days' running time, carrying the mail to and from Oregon every two months, for the sum of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars per annum, payable quarterly, and will besides transport, on the route, Ministers, Ambassadors, Charge d'Affaires, bearers of dispatches, and mail agents of the United States free of charge. He promises to transport supplies of ammunition and provisions for the use of the army and navy of the Pacific, for a reasonable charge, and emigrants to California and Oregon, at \$60 each. He also proposes further to employ the large force in men and mules, and to make every necessary arrangement to keep to the transportation across the isthmus, in improving the way from Chagres to Panama, estimated at ten thousand dollars per annum.

ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN. Let the business of every one alone, and attend to your own. Don't buy what you don't want; use every hour to advantage, and study every trade; make every hour useful; think twice before you spend a shilling; remember you will have another to make for it; find recreation in looking after your business and so your business will not be neglected in looking after recreation; buy low, sell fair, and take care of the profits; look over your books regularly, and if you find any error, trace it up; show a stroke of misfortune come upon you in trade, retrench—work harder, but never fly the track; confront difficulties with unflinching perseverance, and they will disappear at last; though you should even fall in the struggle, you will be honored; but shrink from the task, and you will be despised.

A FEARFUL SITUATION. A man ascended the steeple of a meeting house in Kingston, R. I., lately, to take off the vane for gilding, as we learn from the Providence Journal, and having left the ladders, climbed the iron spire to the distance of 12 to 15 feet above, reclining, upon the ball, half way up the spire, to rest his feet on, and from which position he could take the vane off with his right hand. While he was in the very act, the ball on which his feet rested gave way and ran down the spire. At this moment he was raising the vane over the end of it; as he did so, the spire, growing smaller, made a convenient place for him to keep the balance in the gudgeon bore, when the ball gave way under him and he sunk. The vane falling back with his thumb in the gudgeon bore, held him fast, with his feet dangling in the air. He remained in this situation until a man ascended the spire and placing his shoulders under his feet, at once relieved him. The scene was terrible to behold.

Temperance Societies in Stockholm, Sweden. A Congress of Temperance Societies was held in Stockholm, about the middle of June. The Congress was composed of three hundred and fifty-eight members, representing one hundred and thirty-two national and foreign societies. The King who is honorary President of the Stockholm Temperance Society, and the Queen were present at the opening of the Congress.

DEELLING. Two musquitoes one morning came on a leaf in a garden. Both were filled with the blood drawn from their last nocturnal depredations. They were silent and dumpy, cross and savage. One of them ran out his sting, and wiped it on his fore leg. The other thrust out his sting and pointed it towards the first musquito. This was considered an insult, and so the offended musquito steps up to the other and says:

"Did you turn your sting at me?"
"I ran out my sting, you may apply it as you choose," was the answer.
"Sir, your remark savours of rascality," said the first.

"Hah!" exclaimed the other, "a downright insult! No gentlemanly musquito will submit to such treatment without satisfaction. Draw, villain, and defend yourself."

They rushed together, and running one another through the body, died honorable deaths.

SOMEbody's LAST. "It's very curious," said an old gentleman a few days since to a friend, "that a watch should be perfectly dry, when it has a running spring inside."

It is said that a girl in Pittsfield, Mass., was struck dumb by the firing of a cannon. Since then, a number of married men, it is said, have invited the artillery companies to come and discharge their pieces on their premises.

Alarm Symptoms after eating Gooseberry Pie. Little boy—"O, Lor, mar, I feel just exactly as if my jacket was buttoned."—"Punch."

RICH BARY. The little Prince of Wales has an annual income, from his estates, of about \$364,000.

THE MAINE FARMER.

AUGUSTA, THURSDAY, AUGUST 6, 1846.

Probate Notices. Those of our friends who have Probate Notices to publish, and would like to have them appear in the Farmer, which circulates extensively in the County of Kennebec, have only to signify the wish to the Judge of Probate.

Job Work. of all kinds, as neatly executed, and on as reasonable terms, at the Farmer Office, as at any establishment in the State. Fancy jobs printed with all the different colored inks.

SCENES IN THE WILDERNESS.

NUMBER VI.

As you go up the Sebois, before you have passed by the Sugar Loaf mountain that we have described, and which stands aloof from the others, you come in sight of another group or cluster, grouped together like a family of brothers, apparently standing around the tallest as if looking to him for protection. These have received the name of Chase's mountains, from Ezekiel Chase, one of the earliest and most experienced woodmen and explorers of those regions. We were never acquainted with him, but the records of the land office will give information of him, in the reports that he made of his tours in the wilderness, in the service of the State. We believe he was the first, or one of the first, who looked out a location for a road to Madawaska, and although subsequent exploration caused a variation of the route, yet the information derived from him was the basis of future operations. If we mistake not, it was during the exploration of this road that he passed over these mountains for the purpose of looking over the then unbroken and almost interminable forest which lay before him, and through which he groped his way for many weary days and weeks and months—undergoing labor and privations of no small magnitude.

From the highest peak you have a beautiful prospect of the country around. South and east of it is a mixture of dense forest and clearings, and occasionally you see the smoke of a "burn," as some settlers have got ready to apply the torch to the trees he has felled. But west, and northwesterly, you could see nothing but a vast ocean of green leaves, with streams winding along, and lakes interspersed here and there, diminishing in the distance till they looked like mere threads and dots of silver, woven into the vast carpet of varied green spread out before you to the farthest verge of the horizon. These mountains are five in number, and rise up like the others, abruptly, from the plain below, as if pushed up by some immensely powerful agent beneath. When we first saw them, it had been storming, but the clouds were breaking away, except a light mass which hovered around their peaks in continual motion, as if contending with the sun for the mastery, and anxious to shield their resting place from his light. Ever and anon they would shift their form and position, and thus occasionally give us a glimpse of the peaks which they enveloped, until, at length, the superior strength of Old Sol's rays got the mastery, and sent them all into the higher regions, whence after feece, as they came rising in wreaths and columns of mist up the sides, apparently loth to leave the ground, and rise into transparent and invisible ether.

After the clouds were dissipated it was a rich and a pleasant sight to look upon those regular cones, as they became illumined, one after another, with the bright and refreshing sunshine which had been battling so long with the clouds, and lighting up, like so many diamonds, the tremulous and glittering drops of moisture which yet lingered on the leaves and branches that surrounded us. Nature is most beautiful when refreshed with rains, and when the storm and the sunshine meet in the hush and calm which succeed the disturbance of the elements. Even "Joe," Indian as he was, and accustomed, as he had been all his life time, to the beauty of forest and mountain scenery, seemed struck with awe and delight at the prospect before him, and stood silently turning his keen eye, now upon the mountain, now upon the forest, and now upon the clouds, as they rose slowly and majestically upward, like the lifting of the drapery of heaven, exhibiting the beauties of the surrounding world that had been hidden in their folds. Presently a change came over his countenance—his gaze became settled upon the clearings that could be discerned far south of us, and he seemed to be counting them over in his mind, as he traced them along nearer and nearer to us, until his eye rested upon the smoke of the most recent one. Here he paused for a time—then turning to the wide forest on the other hand, he contemplated it with a sorrowful but earnest and steadfast look. Some strong emotion agitated him. His lips became compressed—his nostrils dilated—and slowly turning around to us, with a mournful accent, exclaimed—"Indian no hunt 'em much longer." Alas! there was truth in this, and the evidence of the steady, resistless tread of the white man upon the ancient forest and rich old hunting grounds of the Indian, was too legibly written on the face of the earth before us, to dispute him. It is certainly decreed by fate that the "Indian no hunt 'em much longer," and as he seemed made by the Almighty for purpose for a hunter in the trackless forest, and on the wild streams as they flow unchecked by the hand of art; so it seems to be the will of his maker that he too should decline, wither and die, as does his forest home, before the face of civilized man. From our very soil we pitied the poor fellow, as he stood, apparently measuring with his eye what appeared to him the small remnant of forest that remained, although it extended in one direction further than the eye could reach; and had we the power, we should have made another world, full of woods and lakes and gliding streams, and put all the Indians into it, to hunt and fish and pursue Indian happiness to their hearts' content.

His greatest pleasure in this world is the chase, and his simple and unsophisticated soul yearns after the joys of an Indian heaven, where he shall forever enjoy these same pleasures of hunting game, unalloyed by the trials and casualties of this world. We recollect once asking Metatluck, the lone Indian who lived so long upon the shores of Lake Umbagog, where he was going when he died. "Oh!" said he, with a cheerful smile, pointing upward, "Going to Chienosky to hunt 'em Moose."

Wishing to divert Joe's thoughts from what was an unpleasant theme, we contrived to turn the current of his feelings as gently as we could. You have hunted here often, Joe? said we. Oh, sartin, me and broder hunt 'em sabbal all about, and way up to Sebois Lake and Millinocketis last winter. Was it warm work Joe? Sartin no, only sometimes. One night broder and me



View of Chase's Mountain from the summit of Sugar Loaf.

couldn't kindle fire, so we travelled all night till we came to another camp where we had fire-ticks.

Among other amusing stories which Jo told us of the modes which they were sometimes compelled to follow, in order to keep warm, when they have not the means with them for kindling a fire, was a plan adopted by "one Indian," whom we supposed, although he would not say it in so many words, was Jo himself. He had followed a Moose until nearly night, when he was enabled to get a shot at and killed it. By the time that he had got it skinned it was nearly dark, and being at a distance from his camp, and also very weary, he cut open the Moose, took out the entrails, and placing the carcass in a suitable position, thrust his own body up to the shoulders into the cavity of the then warm animal, and throwing his blanket over him, soon fell asleep. On awakening towards morning, he found that the carcass was frozen stiff, and held him fast in its embrace, until, by using his knife, he cut away sufficiently to let himself out. "Sartin," said he, as he finished the story, "dead Moose hug 'um Indian d-tight. He all one Mohawk." This allusion to the Mohawk referred to some of his legends which he had learned from the older members of the tribe, and which he had been relating some days before, as we proceeded leisurely through the smoother waters, and which he found interested us very much.

It is a fact, we believe, that the Mohawk Indians, who lived in the valley of the Mohawk river, in New York, were, in the days of their glory and strength, Indians of great prowess, and extended, like the Greeks of old, their conquests far and near. The Penobscots have traditions among them of many a battle with this warlike tribe, who, they say, made several descents upon them, and there is a place between Piscataquis and Mattawamkeag point, well known to every boatman, called "Mohawk Rips," where they assert a great battle was fought between them, which resulted in a total rout of the Mohawks and the death of their principal chief. Tradition also says, that the Penobscots buried this, their deadly foe, on Mattawamkeag Point, head downwards, in order that, should he ever come to life, he might not dig out on this side of the globe. We have also been told that as long as the Indians inhabited the Point, they used to have a feast once a year, in commemoration of this victory, when they would dance around the Mohawk's grave, in token of their joy for the success of their fathers. Certain it is, that to this day, the very name of Mohawk is a word of terror to the "young" Indian, who, in case of disobedience or mischief, is told that the Mohawks will carry him off. It was in some of these battles, above mentioned, that one of Joe's ancestors distinguished himself by his deeds of courage and daring, and if Jo was to be credited, many a Mohawk was made to bite the dust by the strength of his arm; and yet he came very near dying in the grip of a dead one. He had fought with his usual valor, and the scalps of his enemies told with what success he had met them; but yet he, too, had received many wounds, and his strength was beginning to fail him, when he grappled with a young and athletic chief, who seeing the slaughter that he had made among his brethren, rushed upon him with the fury of a Tiger, determined to avenge their deaths. For a while they fought with knives, each dealing to each some dreadful wounds, when the Mohawk received a blow from a tomahawk that cleft his skull, but he had strength and sense enough as he tottered to his fall, to twine his arms about his foe and twist his hands in the belt of the Penobscot behind. Both fell together. The Mohawk stiffened in death, and the Penobscot fainted from loss of blood. How long he lay in this position he could not tell, but when he came to himself the darkness of night was upon the face of the earth, and he found himself pinioned in the stiffened arms of his dead enemy, without the power to move or extricate himself from the horrid embrace. There they laid, hour after hour, face to face, the dead and the living; the Mohawk holding in his death grip his bitter enemy and murderer, until the close of the next day, when a party of Penobscots discovered and released him from a death that seemed more terrible to him than blows from a thousand tomahawks.

It would be interesting if we could roll the wheels of time back, and learn the true history of the Indian tribes, that once peopled the whole length and breadth of our State. They were no mean people, but no one has written their history, for their history can never be written. They and their deeds have all passed away as a scroll, unwritten, unused, unremembered. The few of them who are left are degraded; they have forgotten the glory of their fathers, and they can bear no more comparison to the great nation from which they descended, than the rippling of the smallest rill to the thunders of Niagara.

FORGERY. On Wednesday morning of last week, our quiet village was thrown into considerable excitement, by the arrest of Fifield Esty, charged with forgery. Upon examination, it was found that he had forged several notes, and obtained money on them, the whole amounting to about \$5,000. In default of bail, he was committed to jail. Mr. Esty is a young man, some twenty-six or eight years of age. He has been in trade in this village four or five years, and enjoyed a great degree of confidence.

EXCURSIONS. The steamboat "Phoenix" will run regularly (going down Mondays and Thursdays, and returning Tuesdays and Fridays) from Waterville to Boothbay, during this month.

THE ORPHEANS' CONCERT. in the Representatives' Hall, on Wednesday evening, gave unbounded satisfaction. They strike and tickle the ear of the mass to a charm, though some of our musical critics find fault with their performances, of course. No sweeter strains have thrilled our vulgar ear than those of the Orpheans, since the concerts given by the little Red Breast Family, early in the season, in the open air.

A farmer's wife in Lebanon, Pa., with the aid of her daughter, recently pitched, loaded, drove to the barn, and unloaded seven large loads of grain. The husband was at home, taking care of the "babies."—[Exchange paper.]

This is nothing new under the sun. There are many very muscular, athletic women in the "country," whose feats, during haying and harvesting, would astonish our village women, or ladies, and put to the blush many of our boasted "lords" of the soil. We are acquainted with one of these iron-nerved women, who, with the assistance of two daughters, carries on well her farm, of some sixty acres. We have seen them plow, sow, mow, rake, pitch, reap, hoe, dig, &c., &c., with as much ease and tact as those of the other sex. We recollect of trying our hand with the "gals" at picking up potatoes, and the way they made 'em fly was "considerable, if not more." We were beat, of course, and fairly beat, too. It is a very common thing to see women in the fields raking hay, when showers are frequent, and farmers are afraid the hay will get wet. They are very expert at the business, too.

VOLUNTEERS. A company of volunteers, consisting of seventy-seven men, has been enlisted in the towns of Sanford, Shapleigh and Lebanon, in this State. The enlisting officers in this region, meet with poor success. The young 'uns are not patriotic enough—or, as some have it, not green enough.

CONCERT. The Age says that Mr. Keyzer, the leader of the Boston Academy of music, will give a vocal and instrumental concert, in this village, this (Wednesday) evening.

GEN. CAMERON FOR PRESIDENT. The Lancaster Farmer declares that the poor Printer's boy what come down the Schuykill on a raft, and is now Gen. Simon Cameron, of the U. S. Senate, shall one day be President of these United States. Well, push him along; it's no great thing to be President now days.

SOUTH SHORE RAILROAD. Old Massachusetts will soon be all checked over with railroads. A charter has been obtained for a branch to run along the South shore of Massachusetts, from Duxbury, through Cohasset, Hingham, Scituate, Marshfield, &c., and \$300,000 subscribed.

EXCELLENT GREEN CORN. We have received some capital specimens of Green Corn, of the twelve rowed variety, from James B. Haskell, Esq., of China, who raised it. Mr. Haskell is a No. 1 on the Kennebec corn list this year.

Nantucket Sufferers. S. of T. At a regular meeting of Franklin Division No. 2, Brother J. H. Hartford was chosen a committee to receive donations, from the members of said Division and all others who may feel disposed to give, towards relieving the Nantucket sufferers.

EARTHQUAKE. They had an earthquake at Vera Cruz, on the 20th of June, but it didn't take the castle.

PORTLAND AND MONTREAL RAILROAD. Arrangements are making by the contractors to commence on the Railroad immediately. Several horses, we understand, arrived on Saturday, shanties are building along the line, for the accommodation of the laborers, and in the lower part of the city, a large building has been rented for those who are to be employed at this end of the route. Some four or five hundred Irishmen have been engaged in New York for the work, who, with their barrows and implements, are expected to arrive here within a day or two. It is said that the contractors intend pushing the work vigorously, so as to get the first section to North Yarmouth graded by December.

Portland Bulletin. The Eastport Sentinel of the 23d inst., relates an instance of gross inhumanity toward a sick sailor, (James Allen, of Camden), which, if true, deserves the severest condemnation. A vessel, name not given, commanded by Capt. Richardson, of Deer Isle, came into Pembroke, a few days since, with the sick sailor on board, and to get rid of the trouble of a sick hand, and throw him upon the Custom House, the Captain had him taken in an open carriage to Eastport, a distance of twelve miles, over a bad road, and beneath a scorching sun. On his arrival, he was laid on a couch, and after panting a few moments, expired. His last words were "It was cruel to bring me so far when I was so sick."—[Ken. Journal.]

RETURNED TO HIMSELF AND HIS HOME. It is about six or eight weeks since we saw depart in the good steamer Penobscot, a young man, with his wife and children, bound for the West. He had become dissatisfied with the manner of getting a living "down east"—he couldn't raise corn enough, and the rot had run away with his potatoes, and the climate was too cold, &c. &c. He proceeded to Dane county, Wisconsin, and bought and paid for a farm about ninety miles from Milwaukee, where he calculated to establish a second Garden of Eden. Alas! but happy for him, the scales now began to drop from his eyes—he began to see realities; and they were so inferior to his dreams, that they were far less desirable than the hardy climate, solid comforts, and social privileges of his late despised Penobscot. He packed up his effects, and, like a wise man, returned to this city in last Saturday's boat, ere local disease had enervated his body and emptied his purse. Let his experience be a warning to others who wish to launch themselves on the perilous seas of untold realities, while wisdom whispers, "Let well enough alone."—[Bangor Mercury.]

DOINGS OF THE LEGISLATURE.

TUESDAY, JULY 28.

SENATE. The bill incorporating the Telos Canal Company, was again called up and further discussion, with much argumentative force, by Messrs. Redington, Thurston, Lathrop, Gore and Bellamy. The question being on striking out the toll of 24 cents, was decided as follows: yeas 15, nays 11.

The question then being on inserting fifteen cents, was decided as follows: yeas 11, nays 15.

The question returned on adopting the amendment inserting twenty cents, and was carried. The bill then passed to be engrossed as follows: yeas 19, nays 7.

The bill restraining the sale of intoxicating liquors was called up, and after some remarks by Messrs. Haines and Bronson, was laid on the table.

HOUSE. Bill relating to hawkers and pedlars came up on its final passage. Mr. Morton of Bridgewater, moved to postpone the bill indefinitely—lost. The bill was then finally passed.

Finally passed—Bills to incorporate the Doughty's Falls Steam Manufacturing Company—imposing further penalties upon town officers—additional to an act to incorporate Machias River Company—to incorporate the towns of Monticello—reversing the valuation of the towns of Machias and Machias Port, and authorizing the State Treasurer to refund and abate certain taxes to those towns—in favor of plantation letter A. No. 2, Oxford County—for the payment of certain accounts against the State.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 29.

SENATE. Bill relating to hawkers and pedlars, was taken up, and after remarks by Mr. Haines, was finally passed.

The bill authorizing the city of Bangor to restrain dogs from going at large was taken up. An amendment was offered that coats be inserted, and the subject was then laid on the table.

Leave to withdraw was granted on petition of the town of Bethoon—for the Selectmen of Trecoott, of George W. Grant. The Senate then proceeded to consider the bill restraining the sale of intoxicating drinks. After some debate, and the adoption of several amendments, the bill passed to be engrossed—23 to 5.

Finally passed—Bills incorporating the town of Monticello—incorporating South Bay Meadow Dam Company—imposing further penalties on town officers—incorporating the Waldo Mills Company—incorporating the trustees of East Corinth Academy—incorporating Union River Railroad Company—incorporating the Bangor and Grand Dan Corporation—authorizing the proprietors of the Congregational Meeting House in Phippsburg to sell the pews in said house, &c.—additional to an act incorporating Machias River Co.—respecting lumber in Mattawamkeag river—to incorporate trustees of Lincoln High School—Doughty's Falls Steam Manufacturing Company—to establish the York and Cumberland Railroad Company—resolves for the payment of accounts against the State—in favor of Samuel Cheney—in favor of the towns of Canaan and Pittsfield for furnishing plantations organized for election purposes, with books and maps—in favor of the Passamaquoddy Indians—in favor of Plantation Letter A. No. 2, Oxford County—fixing the valuation of the towns of Machias and Machias Port, and authorizing the Treasurer of State to refund and abate a portion of taxes said towns had paid in consequence of the Revised Statutes—resolving in favor of Joel Pelton—in favor of Israel Hutchinson.

HOUSE. Finally passed—Bills to set off a part of Madison to Norridgewock—authorizing the Waldo County Commissioners to lay out a road over tide waters in Belfast—to incorporate St. Croix River and Canal Company—additional to the 14th chapter of the Revised Statutes—resolving in favor of Joel Pelton—in favor of Israel Hutchinson.

The bill to assess a State tax of \$100,000, was taken up, and passed to be engrossed—64 to 52.

The militia bill was taken up, amended and passed to be engrossed.

The bill as passed provides for the enrolment of persons liable to military duty, by town officers, and returns to be made of such enrolments to the proper officers, &c.

THURSDAY, JULY 30.

SENATE. The Militia Bill came up, and the House with various amendments, the Senate non-concurred, and insisted on passing it without them.

Finally passed—Bills to incorporate the St. Croix river and canal Company—authorizing County Commissioners of the County of Waldo, to lay out a road over tide waters in Belfast—setting off a part of Madison to Norridgewock—resolving in favor of Israel Hutchinson.

The Committee on Interior waters, reported a bill incorporating Little River Log-driving Company. The committee which was appointed to inquire what time the Legislature shall take a recess, reported Thursday the 6th day of August, as the time of its recess.

The authorizing the city Council of Bangor to enact regulations restraining dogs from going at large, was taken up, the amendment inserting coats was withdrawn. The indefinite postponement of the bill was moved and lost, and the bill passed.

Reference to the next Legislature reported, on petition of Joseph Penley; and leave to withdraw, on petition of Wm. T. Lyward, was granted.

The bill providing for the amendment of the Constitution, in relation to the choice of Representatives by plurality at the first ballot, was taken up. The question being on passing the bill to be engrossed, was decided as follows: yeas 11, nays 13.

HOUSE. Finally passed—Bills to improve the navigation of Penobscot river—to repeal the charter of Montville and Seamsport Canal Company—to dissolve the bands of matrimony between Franklin Adams and Mary Adams, passed 35 to 13—for the prevention and punishment of wilful and malicious obstructions to Railroad travel—to repeal the charter of Montville and Seamsport Canal Company—to dissolve the bands of matrimony between Franklin Adams and Mary Adams, passed 35 to 13—for the prevention and punishment of wilful and malicious obstructions to Railroad travel—to repeal the charter of Montville and Seamsport Canal Company—to dissolve the bands of matrimony between Franklin Adams and Mary Adams, passed 35 to 13—for the prevention and punishment of wilful and malicious obstructions to Railroad travel.

Bill for the removal of the seat of Government to Portland, was taken up, and after some remarks, indefinitely postponed—yeas 68, nays 59.

FRIDAY, JULY 31.

SENATE. Several bills were reported from committees, and read and assigned. Some debates occurred; and numerous bills and resolves passed to be engrossed.

Petition of Selectmen of Topham, asking for a reduction of the State Valuation of said town, was referred to the next Legislature, in pursuance of a resolution.

HOUSE. The order relative to recess of the Legislature was laid on the table.

Passed finally—Bills relating to bowling alleys in the town of Bath—authorizing the Katsadin Iron Works to construct a canal—to prevent the destruction of fish in the Eastern Penobscot river—in the town of Orland—resolving for the repair of the Machias Astorook road.

Several bills were reported; read and assigned. Afternoon. The discussion on the Telos Canal bill was continued by Messrs. Thompson and Thompson, in favor of reducing the toll, and by Messrs. Friend Allen and Paine in opposition.

On motion of Mr. Davis of Stow, the House went into Committee of the Whole on the bill. Mr. Davis in the chair, and after some further debate, on motion of Mr. Paine, the committee rose, reported progress, and asked leave to sit again.

Mr. Barnes, by leave, introduced a bill additional to set off lands from New Vineyard to Industry.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 1.

SENATE. Mr. Partridge, by leave, laid on the table a resolve in favor of the town of Buckport, which was read and assigned.

The resolve in favor of Wm. Emerson, after some discussion was indefinitely postponed, as follows: yeas 15, nays 7.

Bill for repealing an act relating to the Militia, was refused a passage to be engrossed, Mr. Gore only voting in favor.

HOUSE. Resolve authorizing the State Treasurer to receive certain moneys from the United States, allowed for individual losses and services in the Astorook war, was, on motion of Mr. Paine, laid on the table.

Passed to be engrossed—Bill to incorporate Readfield Woolen Manufacturing Company.

Bill additional to several acts dividing towns, was, on motion of Mr. Barnes, indefinitely postponed.

Mr. B. said the bill meant well enough, but would be wholly unoperative.

MONDAY, AUGUST 3.

SENATE. The remonstrance of inhabitants of Springfield against a division of the County of Penobscot, was presented by Mr. Pillsbury, and referred to the Committee on Division of Counties.

Several communications from Nona Vattmore were transmitted by the Secretary of State, and referred in concurrence.

Mr. Allen, from the Judiciary Committee, reported that the bill regulating process and proceedings, and the bill relating to insolvent estates, ought not to pass. Accepted.

Bill additional to the several acts dividing towns, came from the House indefinitely postponed. Laid on the table.

Mr. Perry, from the Committee on the Militia, reported legislation inexpedient on the Resolves relating to the Mexican War.

After some remarks from Messrs. Knowlton and

Bronson, in respect to the propriety of legislation upon national subjects, at this late period of the session, the subject was laid on the table, on motion of Mr. Thurston.

Bill regulating Trustee Process was amended on motion of Mr. Hodgdon, by adding a section which provides that persons licensed to sell liquors for medicinal and medicinal purposes shall also be authorized to sell for sacramental and scientific purposes.

HOUSE. Finally passed—Bill to restrict the sale of intoxicating drinks.

Mr. Barnes moved to take up the bill concerning fowling. Mr. Levensaler opposed. Mr. Barnes contended that if not taken up soon, it would be vain to expect action upon it at all. Mr. Levensaler said many other bills are in the same situation. Motion negatived, 35 to 49.

Mr. Allen, from the Judiciary Committee, reported a bill to regulate the sale of medicine, in a new draft, which was, on motion of Mr. Gould, laid on the table.

On motion of Mr. Gatchell, the house of the meeting was fixed at 9 o'clock in the morning, for the future.

Resolve proposing an amendment of the Constitution as to choice of State Representatives, was laid on the table.

DOINGS OF CONGRESS.

FRIDAY, JULY 28.

In the SENATE, The bill from the House, requiring agents for claims to produce duly attested copies of attorney before drawing money from the Treasury, was passed without amendment.

The bill from the House in relation to duties on Java coffee, and refunding certain Spanish tonnage duties illegally exacted, was passed with unimportant amendments.

The bill to provide payment for cancelled Treasury notes purchased from the New Orleans Custom House and put in circulation, was passed.

The Muse.

MY CHILD.

BY REV. JOHN FIERPONT.

I cannot name him dead!
His fair sunny head
Is ever bounding round my study-chair;
Yet, when my eyes, now dim
With tears, I turn to him,
The vision vanishes—he is not there!

I walk my parlor floor,
And, through the open door,
I hear a footfall on the chamber stair;
I'm stepping toward the hall
To give the boy a call;
And then he comes—he is not there!

I think the crowded street—
A school-boy's head I meet,
With the same beaming eyes and colored hair;
And, as he's running by,
Follow him with my eye,
Scarcely believing that he is not there!

I know his face is hid
Under the coffin lid;
Closed are his eyes, cold is his forehead fair;
My hand that marble felt;
O'er it in prayer I kneel;
Yet my heart whispers that he is not there!

I cannot make him dead!
When passing by the bed,
So long watched over with parental care,
My spirit and my eye
Seek it inquiringly,
Before the thought comes that he is not there!

When at the cool, gray break
Of day, from sleep I wake,
With my first breathing of the morning air,
My soul goes up, with joy,
To him who gave my being;
Then comes the sad thought that he is not there!

When at the day's calm close,
Before we seek repose,
I'm with my mother, offering up my prayer:
What'er I may be saying,
I am, in spirit, praying
For our boy's spirit, though—he is not there!

Not there!—Where, then, is he?
The form I used to see
Was but the raiment that he used to wear.
The grave, that now doth press
Upon that cast-off dress
Is but his wardrobe locked—he is not there!

He lives!—In all the past,
He lives; nor, to the last,
Of seeing him again I despair;
In dreams I see him now;
And, on his angel bow,
I see it written, "Thou shalt see me there!"

Yes, we all live to God!
FATHER, thy chastening rod
So helps us, thine afflictions come, to bear,
That, in the spirit-land,
Meeting at thy right hand,
'Twill be our heaven to find that he is there!

The Story Teller.

[From the Columbian Magazine, for July.]

ALLY FISHER.

BY FANNY FORRESTER.

Study, study, study! Trudge, trudge, trudge!—
Sew, sew, sew! Oh, what a busy humdrum life
was that of little Ally Fisher! Day in, day out, late
and early, from week's end to week's end, it was
all the same, Oh, how Ally's feet and head
ached! And sometimes her heart ached too—
poor child!

Ally was not an interesting little girl; she had
no time to be interesting. Her voice, true, was
very sweet, so to plaintive! Besides, you seldom
heard it; for little Ally Fisher's thoughts
were so constantly occupied that it was seldom
they found time to come up to her lips. No,
Ally was not interesting. She had never given
out the silvery, care-free heart-laugh, which we
love to hear from children; she could not laugh;
for, though sent to earth a disguised ministering
angel, vice had arisen between her and all life's
brightness, and clouded in her sun. And how
dear was that bright spot, with its flowers all
fadeless, its water sparkling, never-fading and
living; its harp, its crowns, its sainted ones,
who watched over her in her helplessness, who
counted all her tears, lightened all her burdens,
and was waiting to take her in his arms and shelter
her forever in his bosom. Little Ally Fisher
had indeed one pure, precious source of happiness,
and that was why the grave did not open
beneath her childish feet, and she go down into
it for rest, worn out by her burden of sorrow,
want and misery. Yet Ally was not interesting.
When other children were out playing among
the quivering, joyful summer shadows, she sat
away behind her desk in the school-room, sew,
sew, sewing, till her eyes ached away back into
her head, and her little arm felt as though it must
drop from her thin shoulder. Odd ways that
were for a child! How disagreeably mature! It is a
very unpleasant thing to see children make odd
women of themselves! Ah, then we to the sin—
to the sinner who cheats a young heart of its
Spring!

Neither was Ally beautiful: her face was so
thin and wan-pinked, and her great eyes looked
so wo-begone! How could Ally be beautiful
with such a load of care upon her, crushing her
beneath its iron weight the rich jewels which God
had lavished upon her spirit? It is the inner
beauty that shines upon the face or all the flowers
of her young heart had been blasted. Her
curls were glossy enough, but you could not help
believing, when you looked upon them, that
misery nestled in their deep shadows; her eyes
were of the softest, meekest brown, fringed
with rich sable, but so full of misery! Her complexion
was transparently fair, with a tinge of
blue instead of the warm generous heart-tide
which belonged to childhood and youth. All
her features were pinched and attenuated, her
hands were small, thin, blue, and her little figure
in its scanty, homely clothing, looked very much
like a weed which has stood too long in the autumn
time. So frail! So delicate! So desolate!

And did any body love poor Ally Fisher—the
busy bee—the humdrum worker—the forlorn
child who was neither interesting nor beautiful?
Was there any body to love her? No one but
her mother—a poor, sad looking woman, who
wore a faded green bonnet and a patched chintz
frook, and who never stopped to smile or shake
hands with any body when she walked out of the
village church. This desolate, sad-hearted woman,
with her bony fingers and sharpened face—
this dame Fisher, whom the boys called scare-
crow and the girls used to imitate in tableaux—
this strange woman, seeming in her visible wretched-
ness scarce to belong to this bright beautiful
world, bore a measureless, exhaustless fountain
of love behind the faded garments and the ugly

person; and she lavished all its holy wealth on
poor little Ally. Ally had a father, too, but he
did not love her. He loved nothing but the vile
gro-grog at the corner of the street, and the
brown earthen jug which he yet had humanity or
shame enough to hide in the loft. Ah, now you
see why Ally was unhappy. Now you see the
vice in whose shadow the stricken child matured
so rapidly. Now you are ready to exclaim with
me, "Poor, poor Ally Fisher. God help her!"

Ay, God help her!

Ally tried very hard to help herself; but her
mother was always very feeble, and there were
several little ones younger than herself. What
could poor Ally do? She went to school—that
she would do—because she never could accom-
plish anything at home in that small crowded
room, with all those thin-faced, miserable little
creatures about her; but she took her sewing
with her, and every moment that she could steal
from her books was devoted to earning bread.

Dame Fisher had looked earnestly forward to
the time when Ally would be old enough and had
learned enough to vary the monotonous character
of her employment and preside in the capacity
of teacher over the little school just over the
hill. These mothers are so dotingly hopeful!
How could she think of it, and Ally the child of
a drunkard! To be sure this was the only vice
of which Billy Fisher had ever been guilty. He
had never defrauded his neighbor, he had never
in better days, when some who now despised him
were in his power, been oppressive to the poor;
he had only degraded his own nature almost to
a bestial level, and poured out a vessel of shame
upon his own family. Enough, to be sure; but
then Ally—she had always been a gentle, patient,
toiling, faultless child, and why must she suffer
for the father's sin? What? The daughter of the
drunken vagabond, Billy Fisher, a teacher
for their children! What a presuming mix she
must be! The idea was preposterous! She
must find other means of supplying herself with
the finery she was prinking in of late; let her go
in the kitchen where she belonged! Poor Ally,
she had wrought till midnight for a fortnight to
prepare herself for presentation to these fault-
finders; if she had not, they would have called
her ragamuffin. Where shall we look for a reason-
able man?

Ally was not much distressed. To be sure, it
was the breaking up of a long-cherished dream,
and the severer that this had been the only dream
she had ever dared cherish; but the poor girl had
a holy resource, and she did not repine. She
went from the door, where each hope of her
life had been cruelly crushed, with a swelling
heart and faltering step. Over the stile across
the way, the little blue eyes of the Spring violets
were looking up lovingly from beds of moss; the
freed streams were dancing gayly, flashing and
sparkling in the sun-light; and on a brown maple
bough, where leaf-buds were swelling, ready to
burst with life, a little bird, the first Spring
bird, carolled as blithely as though it might bring
Eden to a desolate, disappointed heart. Ally
Fisher heard it, and the tears broke over their
fringed boundaries, and fell in a sparkling shower
upon her bodice. Then she crossed the stile
and the stream, and passed the trees till she found
a solitary nook away in the heart of the wood;
and here she knelt and prayed. How strong was
Ally Fisher when she left her retreat! The arm
of Him who is almighty was about her.

Ally Fisher passed with quite as light a foot
as usual over the dried leaves through which the
tender Spring-blades were peeping, and beyond
the border of the wood, till she came in sight of
a beautiful central lake, on the banks of which
the young green was striving with the pallid
spoils of last year's frost. Ally Fisher was not
very observing—she was too thoughtful to be
observing—but as she emerged from the wood
she saw a person, probably a nurse, walking
near the lake with a little girl, who danced and
prattled and clapped her tiny hands, now bounding
forward on the path, now half hiding her little
head in the woman's dress, and then running
forward with all the guileless glee of a bird or
butterfly. Ally looked at her, and felt the warm
tears creeping to her eyes. Why had she never
been thus happy? And why should that terrible
shadow which had settled on her cradle, darken
at this point, so full of strange wondrous inter-
est, now when she was

"Standing, with reluctant feet,
Where the brook and river meet,
Womankind and childhood fleet!

Gazing, with a timid glance,
On the brooklet's swift advance,
On the river's broad expanse!"

The tears crept to Ally's eyes, but they had
no time to fall. She heard a shriek and saw the
woman cowering over the verge of the lake, her
hands clasped as though in an ecstasy of agonized
fear.

"The child!" thought Ally, as she sprang forward,
new life in every limb and lighting up her eye.

"She was right. The little one was just rising
to the surface after her first terrible plunge; Ally
caught a glimpse of a pale agonized face, then a
fold of scarlet, and all disappeared, except the
successive rings formed by the rippling water.

"It is not deep, not very deep," she said,
half to herself, half to the careless nurse, "were
I only taller."

She stepped into the water carefully as though
to insure in the outset a firm footing. Another
step, and the water grew deeper—another—another.
The water had risen above her waist and her
slight figure seemed swayed by its undulations.
Dare she go further? Oh, the lake was
so still—only a ripple on its surface, and a life-
like at stake! Again on, one more step—the
little scarlet dress appeared just before her. But
one, one short step more! She falters—reels—
and grasps it! Now Ally! See, she pauses deliriously
to steady herself! Her presence of mind, even
in the moment of triumph, has not forsaken
her and her foot is still firm. She returns slowly,
safely to the shore and sinks with her recovered
human treasure at the feet of the terrified nurse.

Ally Fisher opened her large wondering eyes
upon a strange scene. Her head lay upon a
pillow of rich purple velvet; and she turned from
her singular couch to magnificent folds of drapery,
heavy golden cords half hidden in their
showers, rich massive furniture, the use of
which she did not understand—all the wonders
of this magic palace—quite unbending a kind
face which bent anxiously over her.

"Oh, I was so careless and you so good!" was
the first exclamation she heard; and then from a
sofa at the other side of the room came a pale
beautiful lady, who whispered, "Dear child! God
bless her!" in low tremulous tones, as though the
terror had not yet gone from her heart.

Does she recover? Inquired another voice.
It was that of a man, and though strong there
was now a subdued tremor in it which gave evi-
dence that the string on which it vibrated had
been lately jarred by fear and sorrow. "Does
she recover? This noble deed has made her
our's as Marcia is. She shall never go back to
that poor hovel again."

"My mother!" was Ally's answering remark;

"Oh, she will be so frightened! I must go to
my mother now."

It was in vain that the lady and her husband
and even the attending physician insisted on her
remaining, at least until she was quite recovered,
and offered to send for her mother. Ally rose to
her feet and smiled her usual sad smile.

"I am well, quite well. It didn't hurt me any;
I was only frightened because I thought the
poor little girl was dead. To be sure I shouldn't
fear the dead, but when I had her in my arms—
are you sure she will get well?"

"She will, and it was you who saved her life."

Ally shuddered. "Oh! her cheek was cold!
just like little Willie's. But you say she will
get well, and I am very glad, though sometimes
I think it would be a pleasant thing to die and
go to heaven where Jesus Christ is. It is so
dreary here!" she added, in a pitiful tone, half
musingly.

Dame Fisher was surprised to see the family
carriage of the Burnells draw up at her humble
door, and more surprised when her own Ally, in
strange garb—a world too wide," sprang from it,
her pale face really brilliant with excitement—
Ally's large eyes were larger than ever, and the
heart's light was centred beneath their jetty fringes;
while her mouth, the lips no longer pale,
was wreathed with unusual smiles.

"Oh, mother! I have saved a life! Is not God
kind to let me do so great a thing?"

Strange that neither Ally nor her mother
thought of the lost school that night, heavy as
the disappointment was! Nay, is it strange? They
thought of it in the morning, however, and then
dame Fisher was more sad than Ally.

"So you are to sew your life away," she said,
despondingly, "my poor, poor Ally!"

"No, mother; God will take care of me."

It was not noon when the family carriage of
the Burnells again appeared at the door of Billy
Fisher's miserable cottage.

"Mrs. Burnell! It may be, Ally, she will get
you the school; these rich people have so much
influence."

Mrs. Burnell came to offer Ally, as her hus-
band had promised in his first lively emotion of
gratitude, a splendid home.

"You shall share with little Marcia in every
thing," she said; "you shall even divide our love;
more, you are older, and shall be considered in
every thing the older daughter. Come and live
with us, dear; for we would have had no child
but for you."

Ally looked at her mother, whose thin face
now glowed with gratified ambition; glanced at
the broken walls of the miserable hovel she called
home; turned from one little half-starved figure
to another; and then, approaching the lady,
said in a low, firm tone, "You are very kind, and
I will pray God to bless you for it; but I must
not go away from here."

"Must not!"

"Must not, Ally!" exclaimed the surprised,
disappointed mother.

Ally's voice became choked. "This is a very
poor place—I never knew how poor until I went
into some of the grand houses—but I have al-
ways lived in it."

"But the sewing and that terrible pain in your
side, my dear!" interrupted the matron.

"It will be better soon, I think; and, maybe, I
shall not have to sew so much now, for Mary is
growing bigger."

"But, Ally—"

"Mother, don't drive me away from home."

"We will give you a home," pleaded the lady,
"the house you saw yesterday. There you shall
have every thing you can wish—things much
more beautiful than you have ever seen in your
life—and little Marcia, whose life you saved,
will love you, and so will we all."

"Then who will love my poor, poor mother?"
and Ally burst into tears.

At the commencement of the conference a
head had been raised from a pile of bed-cover-
ing in a corner of the room, and a red, bloated
face looked out on the group with vague wonder.
Soon an expression of intelligence began to light-
en up the heavy eyes, and now and then a trace
of something like emotion appeared upon the
face. At Ally's last words there was for a mo-
ment a strange, convulsive working of the fea-
tures, and the head fell heavily back upon the
pillow.

It was in vain that both the lady and dame
Fisher pleaded. Ally's firm, modest answer was
ever the same. "Oh, it was nothing; I couldn't
let the little girl drown when it was so easy to
get into the water. It was nothing; so I do not
deserve that beautiful home. I shouldn't be of
any use there either, and here I am indeed."

"But I will give you five times the money you
could earn by sewing," urged the lady, "and you
shall bring it all here."

Ally was for a moment staggered.

"So you would help me more by going than by
staying," added the dame, quite forgetful of self
while so anxious for her child's welfare.

"But, mother; who would hold your hand
when it aches, and bathe your temples, and kiss
away the pain, and then sit and watch you while
you sleep? And when the trouble comes who
would try to make it light and help you to find
all happy things to weigh against it? And who
would sit with you at evening when you are so
lonely? Who, mother, would read the Bible to
you? for you told me but yesterday that your
eyes were failing; and who would—would love
you, mother? Oh, don't send me away. All
those beautiful things would only make me sorry
if you could not have them too; and so you
must let me stay here in the old house, for it is
the only place where I can be happy. God
would not love me if I should leave you with all
the children to care for and none to comfort you
when you are sad."

The lady's eyes were sufficed with the heart's
dew, with mental blessing on the young girl's
head and a silent determination to reward her
self-sacrificing spirit richly, she turned away.

"You have sacrificed yourself for my sake,
Ally," sobbed the dame, folding her gentle child
in her arms; "Oh! why did you do it?"

"No, mother; I am happier here, and here—"

Ally pointed to the bed meaningly. "I couldn't
mention it before her."

"Yes, darling, you are right—you always are;
he would kill himself without you in a week, I
know. But, oh, it is a dreadful thing—my poor,
poor Ally!"

Ally was at her sewing as calm and quiet as if
nothing unusual had occurred, though there was
a singular bright spot on her cheek; and the
dame had busied herself with preparing the
children's supper, when Billy Fisher crept from
the bed and glided half-timely to the door.

"Don't go to night, father," whispered Ally,
laying her slight hand on his, and fixing her large
mournful eyes on his face most pleadingly.

"Don't go; I will help you to fix the chess-men
you wanted me to do last night; or I will hem
the pretty new handkerchief I bought for you
to-day, and sing whatever you like best while I
am doing it; or I will read to you from my beau-
tiful library book, or do anything you like—only

don't go! It is very lonely without you, father."

The tips of the miserable man parted as
though he would have replied; but the words
seemed choking him, and he brushed hastily past
her. Tears came to Ally's eyes as she turned
again to her work, but no one heeded them.

That evening passed as hundreds of others
had done. The children were all sent to bed,
and then Ally and her mother sat down by their
one tallow candle to earn bread for them.

"It is so pleasant to be together!" said Ally,
raising a face all beaming with gratitude.

"Yes, but you lose a great deal by it, dear."

"Oh, no; I lose nothing. I should have lost a
great deal if I had gone away from you this morn-
ing. I have been wondering since this morning
that God has been so kind as to keep us together
while I am so ungrateful. I never knew how
happy it made me to be with you till now."

"We never see half the blessings which God
bestows upon us, darling."

Murmure—you surrounded by comforts and
elegancies, feasting on dainties and rolling in
luxuries—oh, could you look in upon dame
Fisher's cottage, with its bare broken walls and
scanty furniture; and yet the poor drunkard's
wife was really more deeply blessed than you—
blessed with the inner wealth of a "meek and
quiet spirit." She never murmured.

The hour of ten drew near, and Ally's quick
ear caught the sound of a step upon the door-
stone.

"Father! he is very early. Oh, I hope he has
not—"

She had no time to finish the sentence. The
door was thrown wide open with a quick, earn-
est, joyous dash.

"I have done it, Ally, bird—I have done it!"
There—there—what! Don't look so frightened,
pussy; it is nothing bad—it is something good—
very good. It will make your little heart glad,
and I ought to make it glad even in your sorry
life-time, birdie, dear. Shall I tell you? Shall I
tell you, Ally? I have taken the step—the step;
and now, darling, your poor mother shall have
somebody to love her, and so shall you, too—
Oh, it has been a dreadful course; it has almost
broken my heart sometimes to think of my mis-
erable ways; and I have felt the worst when you
thought I was stupid and didn't care. Sometimes
I have been determined to break away, but then
I was tempted and couldn't. Now I have done
it. Never another drop to my lips! so help me
God!"

That night there was not so happy a house in
all the state of New York as the wretched hovel
to which Billy Fisher had brought such unex-
pected joy. And Ally—oh, no! she never re-
gretted having sacrificed her own bright prospect
to the happiness of those she loved; for never
was human heart more deeply blessed than gen-
tle, trusting Ally Fisher's. Other and more
brilliant blessings now clustered around her path,
but these were mere trifles compared with that
great first one.

It was thine own work, sweet Ally; thy never
failing gentleness it was which won him. On,
on, pure-hearted one! There is still more for
thee to do.

"Still thy smiles like sunshine dart,
Into my smileless heart,
For a smile of God thou art."

DOG-MAN, SPARE THAT DOG.

AIR—"Woodman, Spare that Tree."

Dog-man, spare that dog!
Touch not a single hair;
He's been out to the bog,
And got all muddy there.
Twas Tim, the butcher's hand,
That made him all so fat;
So you must let him stand,
Or I will lay you flat.

That old familiar dog,
Whose glory and renown
Have set the folks a-gog,
The wonder of the town.
Fellow! how he brags,
See—lowly how he lies;
Give him the slightest poke,
And I'll poke out your eyes.

My heart-strings round thee cling,
Give him some BARK, old friend;
How nobly dost thou sing,
And the wild welkin rend.
Old dog—upon the slave!
And drive him from the spot;
While I've a hand to save,
His club shall harm thee not.

A DAMPER TO ELOQUENCE. Amusing scenes
occasionally in grave assemblies. During the
late session of the New-Hampshire Legisla-
ture, a newly fledged orator rose to make his
maiden speech in the House of Representatives.
A bill had been brought in to tax bank dividends,
and watching his opportunity, the debutante
addressed the members: "Mr. Speaker, the gentle-
man from Dover, who introduced this bill, does
not seem to be aware of its inevitable results.
He would strip the widow—of her reverses of laug-
her, and cries of the widow who?—what
widow?—not in this public hall, I hope, &c. &c.

As soon as the tumult subsided in some degree,
and the orator could make himself heard, he in-
dignantly proceeded: "Gentlemen need not think
to put me down by clamor. Is there no sym-
pathy here for the widow and the orphan? I say, sir,
that this is worse than stripping. Put on this tax,
and I say you drive the widow to her last shift."

Here the clamor became so great, that the
speaker, despairing of a hearing, resumed his
seat. It was almost ten minutes before the House
could transact its regular business.

A RESURRECTION ANECDOTE. An old porter,
who had long been accustomed to sucking the
stopper, being, on one occasion, "pretty much
as usual, I thank you," his wife procured a coffin,
and got some men to put him into it, and carry
him to the grave yard. This being done, they
watched to see what he would do when he came
to himself. By-and-by, having slept off the
fumes of the liquor, he awoke, and the top of
the coffin being unfastened, he threw it off, and
sitting up, began to stare about him in every di-
rection. At last, being fully persuaded that
there was nobody there, his keeper having hid
himself behind a grave stone, he muttered, in
a drowsy tone—"Well, I guess I'm the first
one that's ris, or else I'm plagu belated."

ANECDOTE. A gentleman rode up to a public
house in Saugerties and inquired for the land-
lord. "I'll call him," replied a demure looking
person at the bar, and rang the bell. Presently
a servant came. "Where's your mistress?"
inquired he. "She went off with Jack half an
hour ago, in the wagon, to see about purchasing
a load of grain." Well, sir, said he inside the
bar to the gentleman, "I suppose I'm the land-
lord, as my wife's gone out!"

AN ODD MISTAKE. An English paper tells
of a country sculptor who was ordered to en-
grave on a tombstone the following words: "A
virtuous woman is a crown to her husband."
The stone, however, being small, he engraved
on it, "A virtuous woman is 5s to her husband."

Something New! No Humbug!!

Pitts' Corn and Cob Mill.

I NOW state, for the benefit of farmers, mill owners,
and all others who feel any interest in the economy of
feeding horses, cattle, sheep and hogs, that I have con-
structed a mill to grind corn and cobs, which is completely
adapted to the wants of the farmers. It is simple in con-
struction, durable, and not liable to get out of order. It
occupies but little room, and can be operated by hand, steam,
or water power—requiring much less of either, to
do the work, than any other mill in the United States.

In commendation of my mill, the Editor of the "Culti-
vator," published at Albany, N. Y., says: "Its advan-
tages are, 1. Great simplicity of construction, not being lit-
tle to get out of order; but in case of injury, readily re-
paired. 2. Portableness, occupying less space than the
common grindstone used by farmers. 3. The facility with
which it will grind corn and cobs in any condition; its pe-
culiar construction enabling it to work equally well with-
out the corn in a damp, green or dry state. 4. Its adap-
tation to grinding shelled corn, coffee, peas or beans,
without any change of gear. 5. The grain is not heated
in being ground, thus obviating the tendency of the meal
to sour or ferment. It does not make fine meal, but it is
fine enough for any description of stock."

The utility of grinding the cob and corn together has
long been established by actual experiment, and the only
reason why the practice has not become general, has been
the difficulty of getting it properly ground, especially when
the cob is not perfectly dry. This inconvenience is now
overcome by the use of my mill. It is estimated, by means
of experience, that the value of feed is increased one-third
by grinding the cob and corn together, and it is found to
be much more healthy for the animal than corn with cobs.
This, surely, is an item for the farmer to be saving.
I have ground more than 1000 bushels of ears of corn
for different farmers in this vicinity, and all are well pleased
with the feed, and pronounce the mill the greatest im-
provement for grinding cobs and corn that they have ever
seen or heard of.

The price of the mill is \$40, at the shop in Winthrop
Village, where we are now manufacturing them. All or-
ders for mills, addressed to the subscriber, will be filled.
Winthrop, Feb. 3, 1846.

HIRAM A. PITTS.

Chairs and Looking Glasses.

DAVID KNOWLTON, at his
shop on Oak street, has just
received a first rate assortment
of chairs and looking glasses. He
continues to carry on the Cabinet
business, a new row of Granite
Banks, on Oak street, where he keeps
a good assortment of FURNITURE.
Persons wishing to purchase, are in-
vited to call and examine before they
purchase elsewhere. Old Furniture
Repairs in the best manner and at
short notice.

August 7, 1845.

N. B. COFFINS of various sizes kept on hand at
the above shop.

SYRUPS. Lemon and Sarsaparilla Syrups of first
quality, for sale by the gross, doz, or single bottle, by
H. J. SELDEN & CO.,
Hallowell, July.

Maine Wesleyan Seminary.

THE FALL TERM of this institution will commence
on the 1st of September, under the superintendence
of Rev. H. P. TORNEY, A. M., as Principal.

Special attention will be given to students who wish
to prepare themselves for teaching.

The completion of a new and spacious building—the
adjoining of a new and commodious hall—the ad-
vantage of having a teacher who can instruct students how
to speak as well as learn the modern languages—with the
very pleasant and healthful location of the school—these
are believed to increase the high estimation in which this
school has been held.

Instruction will be given, as usual, in the ornamental
branches and music.

A class of some twenty young ladies will be taken, who
will have the constant care and attention of a separate
teacher.

Lectures will be given weekly, by the Principal and Mr.
WALSH, his assistant, on various literary subjects, during the
term.

Strict observance of virtuous and moral habits will be
insisted on at all students at this school; and parents may
rely on having every effort used to train their children to be
virtuous and moral. J. HAYNES, Sec. of Trustees.
Kent's Hill, July 20, 1846.

NO DECEPTION!

NOT a week passes away without we have to record
some of the most astonishing cures of long continued
asthma, chronic consumption, bleeding at the lungs, bron-
chitis, difficulty of breathing, and the various diseases to
which the lungs and throat are subject, by FOLGER'S
OLOSAONIAN OR ALL-HEALING BALSAM. It
has proved itself to be the best medicine ever offered to
the public. Thousands have already tested its virtues, and
have never found it to fail in curing the diseases for which
it is recommended. Nor do they have to wait long in or-
der to know whether it will be productive of good effects,
as they are assured that if one bottle produces no good
effects upon the sufferer, twenty bottles will not, and it is
not therefore necessary that they should spend their money
in vain.

Beware of a SLIGHT COUGH. Although it is passed
over as unimportant, it will soon become seated—con-
sumption follows in its wake. Take heed to a pain in the
side and soreness in the chest, especially if attended with
coughing, and expectoration of blood. These are the early
symptoms; but they are quickly and effectually
overcome by the above remedy. Ask the sufferer from that
distressing complaint, AS THMA, what he thinks of Fol-
ger's Olosaonian, or All-Healing Balsam, and he will tell
you he cannot live comfortably without it. It relieves all
that difficulty of breathing, cough, and tightness of the
chest, gives quiet and refreshing sleep, and does for the
asthmatic what no other remedy in the world will do.

Witness the case of Her Jackson, 12th street; William
Bond, the well known Boston cracker baker, Brooklyn;
Mr. Wilkinson, Hoboken; Mrs. Bell, Morris-town, N. J.;
Mrs. Lucrétia Wells, 322 Pearl street; W. C. Gowan,
Woodstock; Ulster; and Mr. Arnold, 32 White st.

RAISING OF BLOOD is effectually checked by this
remedy, when all other means have failed. Hundreds of
cases might be related, where persons in the city have been
given up and pronounced as past hope, who have been re-
stored by this great remedy to the enjoyment of health.

Beware of using only palliative remedies, they will only
appear to secure, but the progress of the disease is un-
checked, and death ensues. Resort at once to this great
remedy, and you will not be disappointed in your hopes.

For sale at 106 Nassau street, New York. Also in Aus-
tina by J. E. LADD and EREN FULLER. Mr. Ladd
will supply agents to sell agents.

This Balsam can be procured of the agents in
most of the towns and villages in Maine.

Plumbe National Daguerrian Gallery and Photographers Furnishing Depot.

AWARDED the gold and silver medals, four first pre-
miums, and two highest honors, at the National, the
Massachusetts, the New York, and the Pennsylvania ex-
hibitions, respectively, for the most splendid colored Da-
guerrtypes and the apparatus ever exhibited.

Portraits taken in exquisite style, without regard to the
weather. Instructions given in the art.

A large assortment of apparatus and stock always on
hand, at the lowest cash prices.

New York, 231 Broadway; Philadelphia, 138 Chestnut
st.; Boston, 75 Court and 55 Hanover st.; Baltimore, 205
Baltimore st.; Washington, Pennsylvania Avenue; Peters-
burg, Va., Mechanics' Hall; Cincinnati, Fourth and
Main; and 176 Main st.; Saratoga Springs, Broadway;
Paris, 127 Vieille Rue du Temple; Liverpool, 32 Church
street.

Howard's Vegetable Cancer Syrup.

THIS SYRUP is for cleansing the blood of all hu-
man ailments, such as cancers, tumors, salt rheum, erysipelas,
and all humors proceeding from impurity of the blood. It
can be taken with perfect safety, at all times, as it is com-
posed of vegetables exclusively.

N. B. Prepared and sold by the subscriber, East Liver-
more. All communications, POST PAID, directed to the
subscriber, (Livermore Falls,) shall receive prompt atten-
tion, and a liberal discount made when sold by the quan-
tity. Price, \$1 per bottle. JESSE WADSWORTH.
East Livermore, June 24, 1846.

Dr. Jackson's

Celebrated Vegetable Jaundice Bitters.

THIS purely vegetable remedy is not like most of the
popular medicines now in vogue, fitted up and ex-
travagantly puffed, to secure their sale, but a remedy whose
virtues have been thoroughly tested for many years, in
regions where jaundice and bilious diseases are very pre-
valent. This remedy, by regulating the bowels, strengthen-
ing the stomach, exciting the action of the liver, opening
the bile ducts and operating as general alterative, produces
a very certain, safe and invaluable remedy. It is also pecu-
liarly adapted to SPRING COMPLAINTS, so common
in passing from the cold of winter to the heat of summer.
It brings an active remedy, still producing no sick-
ness at the stomach, and rather increasing than lessening
the appetite; is of special advantage on that account. Those
who are troubled with sour stomach, dyspepsia, weakness,
fullness or flatulency at the stomach, loss of appetite, con-
stipation, or costiveness alternating with diarrhoea, swelling
of the bowels, yellowness of the skin, headache, drowsi-
ness, bitter taste in the mouth, bad breath, weakness of
the limbs, &c. &c. cannot do better than to purchase this
safe, cheap, and effectual remedy. This medicine can be
taken as to strengthen and regulate the bowels, or to
operate as an active purgative, by varying the dose.

For sale by DILLIKAM & TITCOMB, Augusta, and
H. J. SELDEN & CO., Hallowell.

Dr. Jackson's

Celebrated Vegetable Jaundice Bitters.

THIS purely vegetable remedy is not like most of the
popular medicines now in vogue, fitted up and ex-
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taken as to strengthen and regulate the bowels, or to
operate as an active purgative, by varying the dose.

For sale by DILLIKAM & TITCOMB, Augusta, and
H. J. SELDEN & CO., Hallowell.

Trusses.

A large assortment just received—also
Admissional Supporters, by 20 J. E. LADD.

Whitman's Horse Power & Grain Cleaners.

A subscriber gives notice that he has recently ex-
tended a large and commodious shop, with new lathe
and machinery, and is prepared to furnish his improved
Horse Powers, and also his latest improved Grain Clean-
ers, at short notice.

His Horse powers are considered by those who have
used them, as decidedly the best now in use, and the
Cleaners give universal satisfaction. All orders prompt-
ly attended to.

Winthrop, July, 1846.

LUTHER WHITMAN.

For Man and Beast!

DR. KITTREDGE'S Celebrated Green Nerve and Bone
Ointment, is offered to the public as a sure cure for
the following diseases, incident to the human frame, viz:
Rheumatism, sprains, lumbago, gonorrhea, sciatica, dis-
tension, contraction of the cords, scrofula, chills, jaundice,
sore eyes and throat, pain in the back, side and breast,
burns, and all cutaneous humors and eruptions of the skin,
fresh wounds, chapped hands, diseases of the bones and
nerves, &c. at short notice.

Every family would do well to keep a box of this oin-
tment on hand, especially the owners of valuable horses.
It is an excellent article for seamen, being a sure pre-
ventive and cure for scurvy, and all the various diseases
incident to persons following the sea.

This Ointment is an infallible remedy for the cure of the
following complaints of horses: galls, cuts, corus, cracks,
chapped heels, scrofula, chills, jaund